A

POEM

ON THE

Present Assembling

OF THE

PARLIAMENT.

March the 6th. 1678.

BREAK, Sacred *Morn*, on our expecting Isle,
And make our *Albion*'s sullen *Genius* smile;
His Brightest Glories let the Sun Display,
He Rose not with a more important Day
Since *CHARLES* Return'd on his Triumphant way:
Gay as a Bridegroom then our Eyes he drew,
And now seems Wedded to his Realms anew.
Great Senate, hast, to joyn your Royal Head,
Best Councell by the best of Monarchs swai'd:
Methinks our Fears already are o're-blown,
And on our *Enemies Coast* their Terrour thrown.

Darlings of Fame, you *British Bards* that *wrote*
Of Old, as *warmly* as our Heroes *fought*,
Aid me a bold Adventr'er for the Fame
O'th' *British State*, and Touch me with your Flame;

Steep my rude Quill in your diviner Stream,
And raise my Daring Fancy to my Theam.
Give me th' Heroick Wings to Soar as High
As *Icarus* did, I wou'd like *Icarus* Die!

Now I behold the bright Assembly Met,
And 'bove the Rest our Sacred Monarch Set,
Charm'd with the dazling Scene, without a Crime,
My Thoughts reflect on th' *Infancy* of Time,
And wrap me in *Idea's* most Sublime.
I think how at the new Creation, Sate
Th' Eternal Monarch in his Heaven's fresh State;
The *Stars* yet wondring at each others *Fires*,
And all the Sons of Glory Rankt in Quires.

Hail, awfull Patriots, *Peers by Birth*, and you
The *Commons*, for high Vertues, *Noble* too!
The First by *Heav'n*, in this Assembly plac't,
And by *Heav'ns Voice*, the People's *Votes* the Last.

As Various Streams from distant Regions fall,
And in the Deep their general Council call;
Conveying thence Supplies to their first Source,
And fail not to maintain their rowling Course:
Our Senate thus, from every Quarter Call'd,
And in Compleat Assembly Here Install'd,
Shall deal their Influence to each Province round,
And in our *Isle* no Barren Spot be found.

Justice

Justice as plenteous as our *Thames* shall Flow
In Peace the Sailer Steer, and Peasant Plow.
From Foreign wrongs safe shall our *Publick* be,
And *Private Rights* from Home Oppressours free:
Degrees observ'd, Customs and Laws obey'd,
Dues, less through *Force*, than *Fear* of *Scandal*, paid.

Proceed, brave Worthies then, to your Debates;
Nor to Decree alone our Private Fates,
But to Judge Kingdoms and Dispose of *States*.
From You, their Rise, or Downfall, they assume,
Expecting from our *Capitol* their Doom:
You Form their Peace and War, as You approve
They close in Leagues, or to fierce Battele move.

And though the Pride of *France* has swell'd so high
A Warlike Empire's Forces to Defie,
To crush th' United Lands Confed'rate Pow'r,
And silence the loud *Belgian Lion's* Roar;
Yet let their Troops in *Silent Triumph* come
From Vanquisht Fields, and *steal* their Trophies Home,
Take care their Cannon at *Just Distance* Roar,
Nor with too near a *Volley* rouze our *Shore*;
Lest our disdaining Islanders Advance
With Courage taught *long since* to Conquer *France*,
Seizing at Once their Spoils of many a Year,
And Cheaply Win what they oft bought *too Dear*:
Their late Success but juster *Fear* affords,
For they are now grown Worthy of our Swords.

Howe're

Howe're 'tmuſt be confeſt, the *Gallick Pow'rs*
Can ne're Engage on *Equal Terms* with *Ours*.
In *Nature* we have th' Odds, they Dread, we Scorn,
The *Engliſh* o're the *French* are Conq'rors *Born*.

The Terrour ſtill of our Third EDWARD's Name
Rebukes their Pride, and Damps their tow'ring Fame;
Nor can the Tide of many rouling Years
Waſh the ſtain'd Fields of *Creſſey* and *Poictiers*.
A pointed Horrour ſtrikes their Boſomes ſtill,
When they ſurvey that famous, fatall *Hill*,
Where EDWARD with his Hoſt Spectator ſtood,
And left the *Prince* to make the Conqueſt good.
The *Eagle* thus from her fledg'd Young withdraws,
Truſts 'em t'engage whole Troops of *Kites* and *Daws*.
Nor has the black Remembrance left their Breſt
How our Fifth HARRY to their *Paris* preſt,
Whilſt *France* wept Blood for their hot *Dauphin*'s Jeſt.
We forc't their Cavalry their Foot t'ore-run,
As Tides withſtood, bear their own Billows down:
Such was the Virtue of our *Anceſtours*,
And ſuch, on juſt Reſentment, ſhall be *Ours*;
Our Temper'd Valour juſt *Pretence* requires,
As *Flints* are Struck, before they ſhew their *Fires*.

FINIS.